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MORNING MUSINGS AND HEART SONGS

By George W. Whell.

ILLUSTRATED

By Will. L. Everett, Kansas.



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MORNING MUSINGS

AND

HEART SONGS

By GEORGE W. ABELL

ILLUSTRATED

By WILL. L. EVERETT KNOWLES

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By GEORGE W. ABELL, author
WILL. L. EVERETT KNOWLES

Preface

To my mind one of the sweetest and most satisfying compensations of Authorship is the consciousness of being able to contribute something to the pleasure, enjoyment and uplift of our common humanity.

If some little poem or simple word of mine will bring sunshine in place of sorrow; joy, instead of sadness; or harmony out of discord, and cause the flowers of love and beauty to bloom in the garden of some lonely heart; I shall be satisfied

GEORGE W. ABELL,
Grand Rapids, Michigan
1909



GEORGE W. ABELL

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OBSERVATIONS

Just the glince of the eye
From a passer-by,
And yet it meant so much;
Just the grasp of a hand
In a foreign land,
Yet hope came with the touch

Just a loving word,
Like song of bird,
To one bowed down with grief;
Just a kindly deed,
In the hour of need,
Brings quick and sweet relief

Just a little jest
May cause unrest,
And a tender heart offend,
Just a word of cheer
Will dry a tear,
When it comes from a bosom friend

Just a ray of light,
Like a spark at night,
Set a humble soul aflame;
Just a word of truth
In the breast of youth,
And a life is saved from shame

Just some word of ours,
Like the summer flowers
May cheer some friend that's sad,
Just a kindly act,
Or a smile, in fact,
Will make some lone heart glad



‘O! Lily beautiful, I bow in reverence at thy shrine!’

THE LILY'S LESSON

O, Lily beautiful! I bow in reverence at thy shrine,
For thou, in thy unfolding life, art counterpart of mine.
A life two-fold, in outer form so modest, yet so fair;
A vital soul within, that breathes a perfume rich and rare.

O, that I might understand thee better, little flower,
The mystery of thy life; the secret of thy power,
Upon each wandering breeze that kisses thee, thou dost impart
The fragrance of thy pure, sweet self, the essence of thy heart

That mighty force unseen, that makes thy beauty most divine,
Is just the same that feeds my soul and clothes this life of mine.
Thy lesson—"Lily of the field"—to me indeed is true.
O, would that I in heart and life might be as pure as you

THE BROOK'S MISSION

Out through the moss like a silver thread

 A pure little stream came springing;

And away it sped o'er its pebbly bed,

 While its own sweet song 'twas singing.

With many a turn twist reed and fern

 And under the alders creeping

It lingered awhile with a trembling smile,

 Then over the rocks went leaping.

“Why hasten you so, in your onward flow?”

 Said a tree beside it growing,

But the brook replied, “I’ve a mission wide

 And so I must keep on going.”

Then dancing away, the live-long day

 With smiles on its tiny billows,

Came tumbling along with never a frown

 In the shade of the drooping willows

“Whence and where,” asked a grey old rock,

 “Do you go in your aimless winding?”

But the brooklet said, “There are mills ahead

 And I turn their wheels for the grinding.”

Then rippling along with cheerful song

 While the water of life 'twas giving;

“My mission,” it said, “is not for the dead,

 But ever to help the living.”



"Then rippling along with a cheerful song,
While the water of life t'was giving."

UNDER THE SNOW

What means this commotion, down under the snow?
Is Nature's grand army, all marshalled below?
Such wondrous activity nowhere is found
As now seems in progress, just under the ground:
Such wriggling, and twisting, and turning about,
Of each little seed, and each tiny sprout.
"Their campaign is on"—and they're planning, I know,
To come from their hiding place, under the snow.
So, patiently waiting, as day follows day,
The snow just above them, fast melting away,
When thus spoke the crocus: "Now I must be first,
My head is so swelled, I fear it will burst."
Then up through the sod, ere the snow had all gone,
It shone like a gem in the grass on the lawn,
Where, robed in its beauty, 'tis waiting, I know,
Its friends that are coming from under the snow.
The hyacinth next, all dressed up in blue,
Peeped forth from the mold on the mound where it grew
Saluting the crocus, it laughingly said—
"I'm more than delighted to get out of bed."
Together they visit, now, all the day long,
Enjoying their freedom, midst sunshine and song,
And never forgetting one moment, I know,
Their little companions down under the snow.
"O I welcome you both!" the daffodil said,
While gracefully nodding her pale yellow head.
"So long have I waited for one little ray
Of sunshine, to soften the bed where I lay.
What a time we will have out here in the breeze,
With the birds all singing their songs in the trees.
We'll laugh at our sisters who linger below,
Still planning their toilet, down under the snow."
The tulip, the lily, and violet, too,
In sweet combination of red, white, and blue,
Now claim recognition for beauty and grace,
And so are accorded a prominent place
In Nature's procession, now growing each day.
The snow, once abundant, is melting away,
And each little blossom is sweeter I know
For spending its winter down under the snow.
The wind from the southland blows fitful and warm,
The snow disappears in the path of the storm,
While life, new and tender, is everywhere seen,
And shadows creep softly o'er billows of green.
Low hum of the honey bee, song of the bird,
In garden and apple tree now may be heard,
While daisies and buttercups spring from below,
Where long they've been hiding down under the snow.
Oh! world of creation, whose triumph is Man,
To search out and fathom thy secrets, who can?
We seek for our origin, only to find
That we are but parts of the Infinite mind.
The same God that careth for blossom and tree
Gives freely his spirit, to you and to me;
Will guard and will guide us, wherever we go,
E'en after we're sleeping—down under the snow.

SUNRISE

The morning first light crept softly,
O'er the couch whereon I lay,
The robin sang his sweetest song,
To greet the new born day

I drew aside the curtain,
As the clock was striking five
And watched the morning glory
Grateful just to be alive

The twinkling stars faded dimly,
For the shade of night had gone,
The crescent moon now pale grew paler
In the east approaching dawn

The crimson and the rose were only
For the distant Eastern hill,
And bathed in gold the valley
Sleeping peacefully and still

Then the mists so light and airy
Floated silently away,
High in fleecy clouds of beauty,
For the coming orb of day

Morning glory - Earth transfigured
Secret had the day begun,
Freedom opening bud and blossom
Turned their faces to the sun

Birds were sitting on their never
Caroling to their forest lives
And swelling the mighty chorus
In one glad refrain of praise

Earth was made for morning
And the sun was set for noon,
Till the Earth with all thy glory,
Held the new day new born



SUNRISE

"Beauteous sunrise bringing joy with every blessed morn' "

INSPIRATION

Thou dost come to me in the silent watches of the night
And when my waking eyes behold the first gray streaks of light,
Or with some perfume-laden breeze from far-off sunny bowers;
And in the song of birds; or chime of bells, from distant towers.

I hail thee with delight. Thou art indeed a welcome guest:
For, from my inner, nobler self, thou callest forth the best.
Yet, oft I try in vain to woo thee from thy far retreat.
Full well I know without thy touch, my muse is incomplete.

I wait, with longing soul, some hint, thy spirit may impart,
To help me weave about my thoughts the language of my heart.
Thou comest to uplift, and help, sweet messenger divine,
I want thee near, to guide and keep, this erring heart of mine.

I fain would catch the beauty, oft revealed, in Nature's face,
And yet, without thine aid, her fairest lines I can not trace.
I'd search earth's fields and heaven's dome, for wonders, rare and new
If thou but lead me in my quest, no limit to my view.

Be with me, when I stroll through wood, and vale, where violets bloom,
And where the sweet arbutus creeps, and breathes her rare perfume;
And when I watch the summer sun sink low, at eventide;
Or gaze with raptured soul on star-lit sky—be thou my guide.

And should I search truth's wide domain, if haply I may find,
Some gems of priceless worth, with which to feed my hungry mind;
I'm sure I'll need thy guidance then, O! monitor of light,
In all those wondrous realms of thought—to help me choose the right.

I can not solve earth's mysteries, that lie along my way,
Until I listen to thy voice, and recognize thy sway.
So when upon my life's rough sea, the fogs my way obscure,
I'll let thee steer my little bark, to anchor, safe and sure.

FO A PANSY

little Pansy, I love you and God love you too

So gracefully waving out there in the dew.

Marvel of beauty—bright little flower,

Face always smiling, in sunshine or shower.

No artist hath painted, nor man ever made.

You greet me each morning, and seemingly say



"Marvel of beauty; bright little flower,
Face always smiling in sunshine or shower!"

SCARS

Now perhaps you're often tempted
Just to speak some hasty word,
Or perchance repeat some gossip
You have lately overheard,
Little thinking when it's uttered,
How a precious *life* 'twill mar,
On some heart that's nearly broken
It may leave an ugly scar.

Scars remain, so please don't say it,
Rather speak some word of cheer
Which will drive away the shadow
Or perchance may dry a tear,
Cutting words, O how they rankle,
When our nerves are all ajar,
Wounds thus made, are long in healing
And they always leave a scar

"No worse," some say, "to speak than think them,
Though with such I can't agree,
Cruel thoughts 'st harm the thinker,
But when uttered—you and me—
When we're tired, worn and weary
Kindly words are better far,
Smiles will help us more than curses
And they never leave a scar

Though a smile may cost us nothing,
'Tis a thing we highly prize;
Makes the heavy burden lighter,
Helps the fallen ones to rise,
May we guard our speech so wisely,
Keep our lips with lock and bar,
Lest we wound our friends so deeply
Time can ne'er efface the scar.

NATURE'S HARMONIES

I wandered one day on the hillside,

And there beneath my favorite tree,

Communed for awhile with Nature,

Which is ever so dear to me

For I heard in the woodland echoes

A music almost divine,

And the song of the thrush and the robin,

Found a place in this heart of mine.

I love the vines and the flowers

And the wild bird's sweet refrain,

The babbling brook in shady nook,

And the music of pattering rain,

Or the hush of sunset's silence

When all is calm and still,

Save the low, sweet note of the cat bird

And song of the whip-poor-will.

No voice to me like Nature's voice

To still my throbbing brain,

No song to me like Nature's song

To soothe away its pain,

So I love to sit in the twilight,

When the day is almost done

And watch its fading glory

In the gleam of the setting sun.

And I long for clearer vision

To see with insight rare,

In tree and bird and blossom,

The beauty that lingers there

With a love for Nature's music

My daily prayer shall be,

That I may hear more plainly

The song that is meant for me.



"The hush of sunset's silence
when the day is almost done."

THE ARCH OF BLUE

I try in the gathering twilight,
With a reverent heart and true,
To catch some gleam of the high light,
From the stars way up in the blue;
 God hears my cry,
 And He notes my sigh,
Neath His wonderful arch of blue.

Each new-found light is a treasure
The instrument brings to my view,
And great are the minds that measure
The worlds in the far away blue
 A voice from the spheres,
 Comes oft to my ears,
 And I'm touched to tears,
When I'm scanning the arch of blue

He's told me a wondrous story;
And yet I'm persuaded it's true,
That I may see in his glory
Their builder up there in the blue
 For God in His might,
 Will lead me aright,
 And show me the light,
To my home in the arch of blue.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Ye— showers of leaves, gold, crimson and brown,
Their mission now ended, come fluttering down,
Wavering atoms of beauty are these,
Loosed from their moorings up there in the trees

Dreamily drifting, mere toys of the wind,
Hither and thither, like thoughts of the mind;
Messengers each with a story to tell
Whispering softly a fusting farewell

Hurrying, scurrying, eddying round,
Seeking a resting place here on the ground,
Rictous, rustling, rollicking leaves,
Over their passing my spirit now grieves

Leaves of the Autumn, how little they care
That trees that have born them, stand naked and bare,
With garments of splendor, in scarlet and gold,
They're borne by the winds to their home in the mould

Fair little beauties, we pass with a sigh
The place where you rest, and the grave where you lie
How much we shall miss you, no one can tell,
Bright leaves of Autumn, farewell, farewell!





"The Storm moved slowly onward toward the lake "

THE STORM

'Twas an evening in September,
One I always will remember;
From my toiling I had sought some needed rest,
I was tired, worn and sleepy,
As I watched from out my tepee
A storm cloud, as it gathered in the west.

Like some noble head, now hoary,
It was crowned with saffron glory,
The sun had sunk behind it for the day,
Through the twilight's soft encroaching,
Then the storm was fast approaching,
Though at first 'twas miles and miles away.

Deep reverberating thunder,
Filling one with awe and wonder,
The valley echoed back its mighty roar,
How a hush! almost appalling,
O'er the darkened waters falling,
With but the faintest whisper on the shore.

Then the first big drops that pattered
On the dry leaves; how they clattered!
An earnest of the deluge bye and bye,
Like to minie balls that rattle
From a skirmish line in battle,
Before the flying squadrons of the sky.

'Twas a lull of short duration,
Then with deepest intonation
Came the thunder, pealing louder than before,
And the lightning's vivid flashing
Showed the angry billows dashing
Through the rugged, rocky caverns of the shore.

Midst the tempest's fearful roaring,
And the swelling torrents pouring,
We may pray to check its fury, but in vain
Oh! the havoc it created,
As it swept on, unabated,
Across the darkened valley, to the plain.

Then, receding in the distance,
Overcoming all resistance,
The storm moved slowly onward, toward the lake,
Having spent its force and power,
It became a gentle shower,
Little heeding the destruction in its wake.

But as the mists were passing from us,
Quickly sprang the bow of promise,
While thunder peals were sounding far away,
Then no longer was I sleepy,
And I crept outside my tepee;
For the nightingale was singing o'er the bay.

THANKSGIVING

Am I thankful? Yes — for all the blessings of the passing year,
For *country, home and friends*; and *every good my heart holds dear*
For *kindness, love and sympathy* and *power to choose the right*,
For every aspiration looking upward toward the light

For *every noble impulse* too, that makes me *true and kind*
And *every vision* of the *truth*, that fits across the mind;
Yes, more than grateful, that it is my heart's desire
Some *thought or written word* of mine may *other lives inspire*

I'm glad and thankful too, for *books* and for the printed page
That bring to me the thoughts of noble minds in this and every age,
Grateful also that in *Nature* I can clearly hear and see
Something of the *music* and the *beauty* God has meant for me

So each recurring morn I ask for light to guide me through the day
Of Him who only knows my heart and hears me when I pray,
Yes — unto Him who *gives* to all *His Blessings rich and rare*,
I offer up with grateful heart, my humble, joyous prayer

THE FALLING LEAF

At ease in my hammock, one Autumn day found me,
 'Neath foliage tinted in loveliest hues,
While Nature's sweet voices that whispered around me
 Awakened my soul and invited the muse.

What movement of grace to my senses appealing,
 From branches now clothed in scarlet and gold
A bright little leaf in its beauty revealing,
 Floats silently down to its home in the mould

I caught up the leaf so frail and so slender,
 Held converse a moment, and this way my quest
How is, said I, you are robed in such splendor,
 Your labors all over and going to rest?

This my reward, now the leaflet made answer,
 I've always been faithful to duty you see
I've gathered the rain and the dew and the sunshine
 And added my mite to the growth of the tree

Yes, I'm glad of the service thus able to render
 To give of my life its strength to renew,
Now happy am I, though fading my splendor
 For I know to my mission I've ever been true

I pondered awhile on its lesson of duty
 And wondered if I, when life's journey was run
Would go to my rest thus clothed in beauty,
 And conscious at last of my labor well done

A MOTHER'S REFLECTION

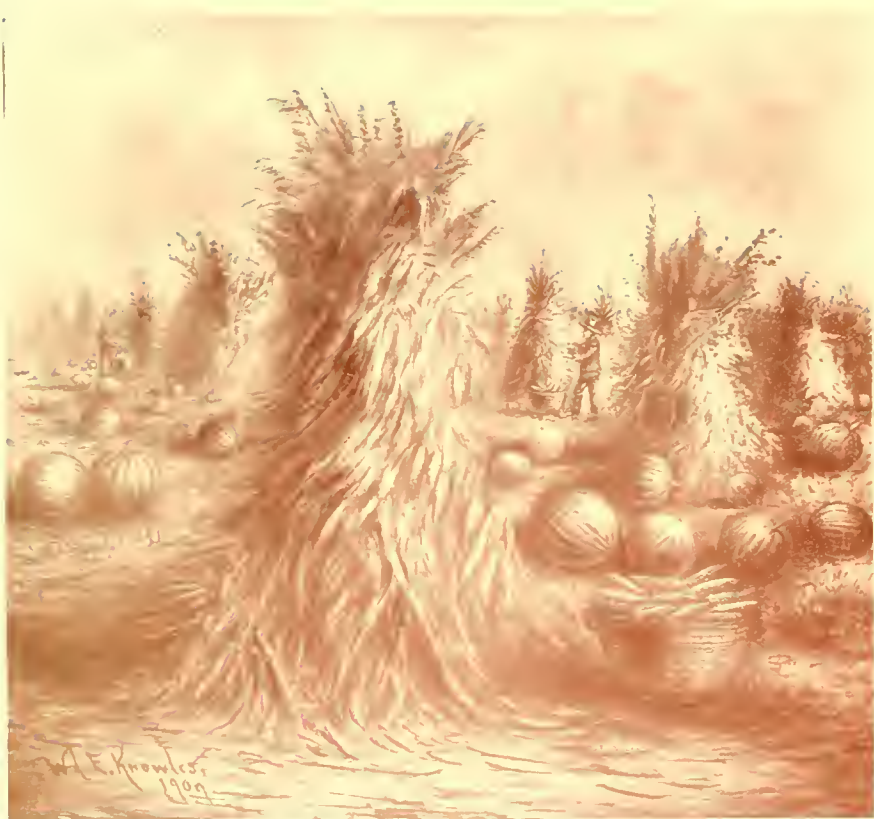
She - a sprightly little midget, just as cute as she can be
As she skips across the sitting room and climbs upon my knee
She's as lively as a cricket now, and just about as spry,
Yet, I'm sad when I remember that she'll leave me, bye and bye.

She has rosy cheeks and dimples, yes, and eyes of deepest blue,
And such a charming little laugh, and heart so pure and true,
How I long to keep her always, but it's no use to try;
The years will come and go, and then she'll leave me, bye and bye.

She oft gets into mischief, too, and climbs upon my chair;
Yet she knows she's mamma's darling, so of course she doesn't care.
Now she's sweet and bright and cunning; till I cannot help but sigh,
For each day she's getting older and will leave me bye and bye.

So I watch her grow in beauty, every year adds to her charm;
While my mother love grows stronger, as I fold her in my arms;
Yet, tugging at my heart strings, there is something makes me cry,
For I know my precious treasure's bound to leave me, bye and bye.

Can I stand the separation for just a little while,
Can I bear the heavy burden, then, and bear it with a smile?
Yes, in glad anticipation, O, how hard I'll try!
For, just beyond the parting, will be meeting bye and bye.



"For he's hauling in his pumpkins,
And is husking out his corn."

HUSKING OUT THE CORN

'Tis October, fair October,
With the forests all ablaze,
Flinging out the gorgeous colors
Through the soft Autumnal haze;
And the country lad is happy now
As mortal ever born;
For he's hauling in his pumpkins
And husking out his corn.

Yes, the lovely days of Autumn-tide,
Are gliding swiftly past,
So the former boy must hustle,
For he knows they cannot last.
When the weather's cold and stormy
He is just a bit forlorn,
While he's gathering his pumpkins
Or husking out his corn.

Now his crops are quite abundant
He has plenty it appears
For his turkeys, pigs and chickens
And to fatten up his steers,
How we love to hear him whistle
On a crisp October morn,
While he gathers in his pumpkins
And is husking out his corn.

Yes, he's tying up his fodder
And is putting it in shocks
While the city chap is figuring
The profit on his stocks;
Still his appetite is splendid
When he hears the dinner horn,
While he's hauling in his pumpkins
Or is husking out his corn.

DO IT TO-DAY

If a beautiful thought you chance to possess,
Just tell it; yes;—tell it today!
For the world may be waiting for you to express
Some truth you have hidden away.

A vision perhaps in the stillness of night,
This thought has made clear as the day;
Then give it to us in its garments of light
And twill help to illumine our way.

Have you joy in your bosom; then let it be known;
Let smiles o'er your countenance play;
For thousands are waiting to make them their own.
So deal them their portion today.

You're a singer maybe! Will you sing us a song?
Yes, sing it, O, sing it, today!
No morrow perchance may come to the throng
And your voice may be stilled with the day.

Both music your soul with its harmony fill;
Can your fingers most skillfully play?
Don't wait for the morrow our senses to thrill,
But give us your best for today.

If a missive of love you'd write to a friend,
O, do not neglect it, I pray!
Should you wait till the morn it may never be penned,
Then you'd wished you had written today.

Each thought we express or each song that we sing
Let us do in our kindest way;
If it comes from the heart, what joy it will bring,
Let's do it; yes, do it, today.



There is health out in the country,
Where the wheat and barley grow

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE CLOVER

Now a drive is just delightful
In the country lying near,
Or a stroll across the meadow,
Where the brook is running clear;
There the bobolink is singing,
And the lark is soaring high;
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

There are thistles in the pasture
Where the summer breezes play,
And a thousand fragrant beauties
Greet us all along the way.
There are buttercups and daisies,
Quite enough to please the eye,
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

Oh, the undulating prairie,
With its fields of waving grain,
Has for me a fascination
Like the billows of the main.
There the shadows chase each other,
While the clouds are sailing by;
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

There are many, many voices
In the latter days of June,
Helping swell the mighty chorus,
When all nature is in tune.
Just to hear the reaper's clicking
Has a charm for such as I;
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

There is health out in the country,
Where the wheat and barley grow,
Where the golden sunshine lingers
And the gentle breezes blow;
There beauty greets the senses
Both in field and air and sky,
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

Yes, among the purple blossoms,
Gaily nodding here and there;
Oh, how much you would enjoy them,
Can you find a day to spare.
It is time to take your outing,
Let me tell you on the sly,
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

OUTING

From summer and sea breezes the blow
From yonder wood is bringing,
A fragrance sweeter than the rose,
From where the flowers are springing,
They bid me come. My plans are made,
The city cannot hold me
The forest lures me to its shade,
Where nature may enfold me

I climb the hills with eager feet,
And through the vales I wander,
Or in some cozy lone retreat,
I read, and think, and ponder
I see thrive the lily, fern and rush,
Here, beauteous bird together,
The chipmunk scampers through the brush,
The hare bounds o'er the heather.

The squirrel thrums in the oak,
The cuckoo's rain and thunder,
The songster from his lofty perch,
Looks down with fear and wonder
The thrush sings sweet at close of day,
From beneath the shadowy eaving,
The brook pours forth his lay
While on the water lilies

The robins sing, I love to hear
It soothes me when I'm weary,
Though none so sweeter greets my ear
The wood note of the veery
So, many a tent beside the stream
That flows beneath the willows
The red nose and fondly dreads
The mosses for a pillow

It's restful here, there's no strife
Save nature's charming rustle,
More quiet this than city life,
Where men do naught but hustle.
Here in your hammock, you may lie,
Or on the lake go sailing,
Or whip some stream with rod and fly,
In quest of trout or graling

O! business man with nervous jar,
And brain all worn and weary,
These woodland echoes, near and far,
Will make you bright and cheery
So close your office, lock the door,
And cease your endless worry,
Come, learn of nature evermore,
For nature does not hurry

Relax your nerves, come take a rest,
Restore your poor digestion,
To one with business cares oppressed,
Good nature's out of the question
Roam through the woods, go where you will
Peruse some charming story,
Or view at eye, from lofty hill,
The sunset's fading glory

Be just yourself, your nobler self
With sky and stars above you,
Free from care, and greed or pelf,
With nature's God to love you
Sit, eat and bask it morn or noon,
Then to the sunshine looking,
Enjoying health, life's priceless boon,
Be yours for naught the asking



"Each well worn path in the pasture field."

BACK TO THE DEAR OLD HOME

I'm going back to the dear old farm,
Where I spent my boyhood days,
To the rolling fields of waving grain
Where the breeze and sunshine plays,
Yes, back to the old New England home,
To the cottage neath the trees:
And little *red school house* on the hill
Where I learned my A. B. C.'s

A sunburned urchin with freckled face,
With my feet all brown and bare,
I climbed the hills of the dear old place
Free as the birds of the air
Each well worn path, though the pasture field
I'm sure I'll ne'er forget;
The noisy ring of the *old cow bell*,
In my dreams I hear it yet.

Garden and orchard, with loaded trees,
And spring just under the hill,
And *old gourd dipper* hung by a string,
I fancy it hangs there still,
The *vine-covered porch* I loved so well
Where father so oft was found,
Reading aloud from the good old book,
With his children playing round.

The cane-seat rocker with wide spread arms
Held grand mother's aged form,
Working away on stocking and mitts
She was knitting to keep us warm,
The *fire place*, too, and *red brick hearth*
With its andirons shining bright,
And *tea kettle singing on the crane*,
In the wood fire's flickering light

With our supper o'er and lessons learned
And family prayers all said,
A kind good night and a candle light,
We scampered upstairs to bed
Those scenes are past fifty years and more
Yet linger in memory still,
I'm going back to the old home nest
To the cottage on the hill.

(This poem will soon be published with several full page illustrations)
By Knowles

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